

The Politic Farmer.

Tune--*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

A whimsical Farmer in Wiltshire, one day,
Determin'd no tax for his Horse he would pay;
So he saddled his Cow, and then trotted away.

How hard are the taxes of England,
Yet for freedom we still cry huzza!

With his chickens and eggs how he gallop'd along,
And snapping his fingers, d——d P——t in his song;
What mortal can say that the Farmer was wrong.

For hard are the taxes, &c.

Our day-light is tax'd, and our bread and our beer;
New taxes indeed we find every New Year!
And a budget again we shall have, never fear.
How hard are the taxes, &c.

A tax upon gloves, and a tax upon hats,
(To suffer such taxes we surely are flats)
I wonder, indeed, there's no tax upon sprats.

O! the d——d taxes, &c.

What next will be tax'd, sure must puzzle their wit,
Pump water perhaps their fancies way hit,
For tax upon tax, is the method of P——t.

Curse light on the taxes, &c.

A tax upon eggs, upon hens, upon cocks,
A tax upon doors, upon boxes, and locks,
And a tax upon tongues, to silence Charles Fox.

O! bravo the taxes, &c.

Thus the Farmer he sung, as he trotted away,
Determin'd no tax for his Horse he would pay,
His heart it was light, and he vow'd to be gay,

In spite of the taxes, &c.